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OCTOBER, 1951

The Liberalist

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

October's Bright Blue Weather

HELEN HUNT JACKSON

O sun and skies and clouds of June,
And flowers of June together,
Ye cannot rival for one hour
October's bright blue weather,

When loud the bumblebee makes haste,
Belated, thriftless vagrant,
And goldenrod is dying fast,
And lanes with grapes are fragrant;

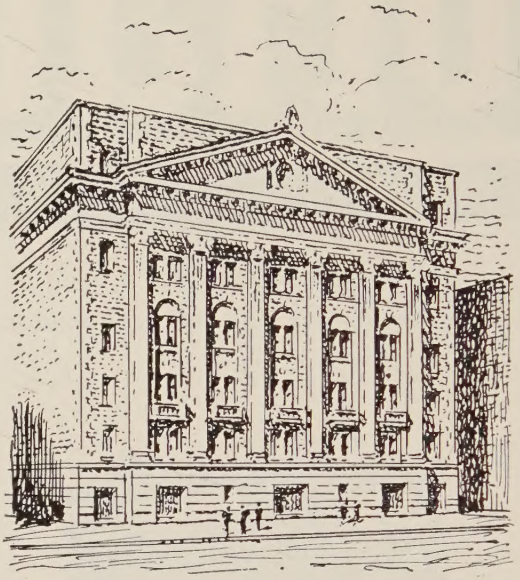
When gentians roll their fingers tight
To save them for the morning,
And chestnuts fall from satin burrs
Without a sound of warning;

When on the ground red apples lie
In piles like jewels shining,
And redder still on old stone walls
Are leaves of woodbine twining;

* * *

O sun and skies and flowers of June,
Count all your boasts together,
Love loveth best of all the year
October's bright blue weather.

(From "My American Heritage" collected by Ralph Henry and Lucile Pannell)



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

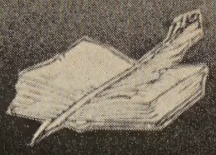
Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist
PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, In Memoriam



Volume XXVIII *October, 1951* *Number 7*

ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

ALMOST everyone you meet who doesn't live in New York but has visited there invariably remarks, *I like to go to New York for a visit, but I wouldn't want to live there.* How many times have you heard that comment?

I have never lived in New York but for many years I have visited the city several times during each year. My experience as a visitor has never caused me to say *I like to go to New York for a holiday but I wouldn't want to live there.* Of all the cities on both sides of the Atlantic which I have visited my favorite is the City of Chicago, where I have spent so many busy and happy years. But I could live in New York. It is vital, dynamic, restless and cosmopolitan.

Like our own Chicago it has the lure of the future. Every race, color, nationality and creed may be seen in a stroll down Broadway or Fifth Avenue. As a center of the legitimate theatre it is second only to London. The same is true of the publishing field. It is increasingly taking leadership in television. It is second only to Paris as a fashion center.

One could go on in many fields in which New York excels and leads. Religious leadership must not be omitted from this recital of New York's achievements. It has the most effectual and influential pulpit in all of the three great religious classifications. In the Protestant pulpit there are Sockman, Bonnell, MacCrackan, Holmes, Buttrick and Gill. The Jewish pulpit has Parks, Jonah, Wise and many others. While Cardinal Spellman is perhaps the most influential Roman Catholic clergyman in America. New York is far ahead of any American city I know in the great preachers who occupy its pulpits. Why this is true I do not pretend to know.

There was a time when that great honor was held by the City of Detroit. Indeed there was a time when it was true of Chicago. Those were the days of Gunsaulus, Hillis, Jones, Hirsch, Quigley, Henson and Lorimer. In a way which is not true of any other American city a New York preacher has a national audience. Most Protestants who are in New York on Sunday are anxious to visit the beautiful Riverside Church; most Catholics want to worship in St. Patrick's and the religious Jewish visitors are desirous of seeing one of the most inspiring houses of worship I have ever visited —the incomparable Temple Emanuel. For our Episcopalian friends the majestic church of St. Bartholomews is an experience in worship. I have visited

them all and regretfully record that there is nothing in Chicago which compares with them. The new inspiring structure of the Community Church, which was built under the leadership of the great John Haynes Holmes and Donald Harrington is the mecca for the Unitarians and Religious Liberals. It was an inspiring experience for me to have preached in this church. Its simplicity and dignity are in harmony with its philosophy and theology.

What is irritating to me is the way in which so many people in Chicago wait for the verdict of New York on a play, a composition of music, a book or a program before expressing an opinion themselves. Why should New York become the mentor for the rest of the nation? The people of Chicago are as intellectual, cultured and discriminating as the people of New York. Our critics in every sphere of creative work are as able. Yet New York sets the pace in many fields and the rest of the country follows.

Industry is beginning to de-centralize. So should literature, music and art. We will never get a distinctly American culture until our values are not all established by Manhattan.

* * *

My sister, Mrs. R. V. Judson, of Linden, Michigan, has been with me ever since Jimmie left. What I would have done without her in these dark days I do not know. Since that tragic Saturday of May 26th until I write these words she has been my solace and companion. Jimmie had spent ten days with her in our little village of Linden, where we were born, just before his passing. There in the village cemetery Mrs. Bradley and Jimmie rest. Beulah went with me to New York, where we spent a few days together as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert S. Simpson. Mr. Simpson is one of our most loyal members and serves on our Board of Trustees. Mr. and Mrs. Simpson are now on their way to South Africa. They invited us to be their guests at the Plaza Hotel in New York. We were there from the 23rd of June until I sailed on the "Queen Mary" on the 29th of June. They were busy days in New York, for which I was grateful. Being busy helps when one's heart is heavy. We attended some interesting and entertaining plays, lectures, art exhibitions, took a ride on the Staten Island Ferry (an experience I always enjoy) and spent a day in Hyde Park, which I told you about last month.

* * *

I have crossed the Atlantic twice on the *Queen Elizabeth*—the largest ship ever built, but this summer the schedule of the *Queen Mary* fitted more conveniently my own plans, so I booked on this beautiful ship. The difference between the two ships is infinitesimal. The *Queen Elizabeth* is a little larger, but the *Queen Mary* holds the Blue ribbon for the fastest Atlantic crossing. The *Queen Elizabeth* has never tried to better the record held by the *Queen Mary*. When our new liner, *United States* attempts to gain the Blue Ribbon the Cunard Company will probably turn the *Queen Elizabeth* loose and then we will know for the first time the speed the *Queen Elizabeth* is capable of making. However, it is not the speed which interests me. If it were I would fly the Atlantic instead of depending on ships.

I love the sea. I love boats—all kinds of boats. My first boat was an old flat-bottomed row boat in the Shiawasee River, which flowed by my childhood home. From those far-away days until now boats have had for me a fascination. I always arrange my schedule so I can cross the Atlantic both ways by steamship. Twice Mrs. Bradley accom-

panied me. She was an ideal shipmate. She, too, loved the sea and the weather had no effect on her whatever.

The most interesting trip we ever had together was the ten-day crossing we made once on the *Andania* from Montreal to Liverpool. It was a perfect crossing in a small ship and remains in my memory as though it were made last week. The *Andania* was lost in the second World War.

The sailing of a great liner from New York is an unforgettable experience. When the ship's siren sounds out in thunderous tones, the tugs—fore and aft—begin to churn the water, and the huge ship slowly begins to back away from the pier, one's heart almost turns over! The pier crowded with people shouting *Bon Voyage* and waving hats and handkerchiefs, while their friends and loved ones line the ship's rail waving *Goodbye,* is an emotional drama.

I stood alone at the rail on the sundeck of the *Queen Mary* just beneath the bridge and waved to my sister, my nieces and friends who had come to say *Goodbye*. They were on the street facing the *Queen Mary*. In her berth the noble bow of the *Queen Mary* almost touches the street, giving all who pass a never-to-be-forgotten view.

I stood on the deck and waved as long as I could see the pier. We backed slowly and majestically out into the Hudson, a tug pushed her bow toward the Atlantic and we were on our way to Europe! I stood on deck and watched the majestic ship slowly pick her way through the congested river traffic, past the Statue of Liberty, along the Long Island coast line to the Ambrose Lightship and the open Atlantic. I then went down to my stateroom, read some steamer-mail, opened the telegrams and had a few moments of utter loneliness. I deeply appreciate hearing from our friends, readers and members who wrote me so encouragingly to the ship. It helped.

It was dinnertime by then and I went to the dining room—a palatial room, seating 800 people. I chose table No. 53, a table for two, located in an alcove and against the wall, just below a porthole. I asked the chief steward if he would kindly not seat anyone else at the table. There was plenty of room and my request would mean no hardship to anyone. I preferred to be alone. I dined alone on both the outgoing and homecoming trips. There is a great deal of formality and protocol at the Captain's table, which is tiring if one is trying to get all the rest possible while at sea.

Only once have I sat at the Captain's table and while it is an honor and usually interesting it has its disadvantages. I became acquainted with both Captain Cove of the *Queen Elizabeth* and Captain Grattidge of the *Queen Mary*. No finer type of men could be found anywhere. They represent in the highest sense the noble traditions of the sea. Both have distinguished war services. Both carried safely thousands of American boys during the war. They have my deepest admiration. They are great examples of the best seamanship and character of men who follow the *great waters*.

* * *

Sunday at Sea

There is no excuse for anyone not attending some religious service on a Sunday at sea. The *Queen Mary* has provisions for every creed and race. Our orthodox Jewish friends have special dietary arrangements by the Chef. The Roman Catholics have a chapel for daily masses. The Protestants have services on Sunday morning at 11 o'clock in the Main Hall—the finest and largest on the ship.

On Sunday I always attend a religious service no matter where I am. So on Sunday morning I attended the

Church of England service on the *Queen Mary*. There were no other Protestant services. The Main Hall was arranged so that it had a religious atmosphere. A flag-decked altar and reading desk was placed just below the stage, normally used for the orchestra. On either side two rows of choir-chairs had been placed facing the altar, which gave it a chancel appearance. A large Bible rested on the altar. By the side was a lower reading desk, with a prayer-cushion for kneeling during the service.

I arrived early and chose a seat in the second row from the front. A few minutes before eleven o'clock the loud-speaker in the hall gave forth the sound of church bells. One could close his eyes and almost imagine he was seated in a village church in the country. The illusion was perfect. As the bells ceased, the ship's organist began the processional. The page-boys on the ship, in their natty costumes, with their white gloves strung through their shoulder-straps and their little round hats tipped on the side of their heads, marched with dignity to their choir seats. The Captain, Staff-Captain and other officers followed to their respective places. The Staff-Captain, W. T. Fitzgerald, R. D., R.N.R., walked to a side altar, while the Captain, H. Grattidge, O.B.E., took his place behind the center altar.

The service opened with a hymn. The morning prayer service of the Church of England was then read. The Staff-Captain read the scripture. Prayers were offered for the King and the President. There was no sermon. The service was read by Captain Grattidge with unusual effectiveness. One could easily imagine that a celebrated English clergyman was officiating rather than a ship's captain. The dignity and nobility of the traditional service was projected in all its beauty. The great phrases which have meant so much through the years to thousands of Anglicans throughout the world are some of the finest literary expressions in our language, quite apart from their theological content.

The service, with the three hymns, lasted about forty-five minutes. The offering was used for the benefit of the Seaman's Fund on both sides of the Atlantic. Every seat was occupied for the service and I am sure that all who attended, irrespective of their religious loyalties, received a spiritual uplift.

Later I congratulated the Captain on the manner in which he conducted the service. I know it pleased him, for the sincere manner in which he expressed his appreciation to me was evidence of his own gratitude. What a pity that more people do not understand or appreciate what true worship really is! They permit their rationalizations and theological formulas to regulate their devotional lives.

Worship is an art. A sublimation of one's self into lofty attitudes. Worship is an appreciation of lofty influences. Worship is the sharing of sublime moments. We can worship listening to a great composition in music, or gazing in wonder at a Corot, or stirred to one's depths by a magnificent cathedral, or looking into the eyes of a loved one, or responding to the beauty in a sunset. Just as we can *pray without ceasing,* so we can worship everywhere and in every place.

* * *

The one place where introductions and formalities are easily dispensed with is on a ship. There is an entirely different atmosphere than in any other place. At sea one feels the world left behind is a detached experience, and the world ahead is not yet a reality.

One feels suspended between two worlds. You have completely broken with the past and are not yet a part of the future. In a literal sense—*you are at sea!* I suppose this is why an ocean voyage is one of life's most restful and restorative experiences. You do not hesitate to offer a comment on the weather, the ship, or the sea to anyone who might be standing alongside of you at the ship's rail.

Sometimes this introduction is the beginning of an interesting association. Sometimes you discover that you may have mutual friends or perhaps live in the same city. Sometimes you suspect that the person to whom you have spoken may become a first-class bore, so you end the conversation right there. The point is that you are not considered forward if you exchange casual words with anyone you meet on the decks, the stairways or the ship's rail. But I have noticed, after many crossings in large ships and small, that the smaller the ship the more intimate and friendly it is. Both the *Queens* are more formal, conservative and reserved. This is understandable when you realize that you are traveling on a large, beautiful, perfectly appointed, first-class hotel, with over 2,000 guests and 1100 men and women in the crew to look after you and to sail the 81,235 tons through the water at 29 knots an hour! One can appreciate the remark of Beatrice Lillie who, when a passenger on the *Queen Mary,* experienced a *grounding* on a sandbank off from Southampton. The powerful ship was helpless on the sand until the tide returned. While she was stuck, Bea Lillie asked an officer, *when are they going to park this hotel?*

* * *

One of the first things you do after sailing is to read carefully the Passenger List, which is attractively printed and placed in your stateroom. You look for familiar names, celebrities and friends. You are anxious to know who will share with you the experiences of the voyage.

On the outward voyage we had many prominent passengers. There were several people from Chicago. I was walking the promenade deck the second day out when Mr. and Mrs. Robert Floess of Chicago spoke to me. They were the first people I had met on the ship from home. Mrs. Floess was a former member of our Woman's Club until they moved to a suburb. They are often in church. We had many pleasant times together talking about earlier years.

I am always meeting someone from the Church anywhere I go. At the Airport in New York Mr. and Mrs. Wm. A. Kuecher, with their two children, Ralph, aged 15 and Gloria, aged 18, came up and greeted me. I christened both of these children when they were babies, in our church. The years pass, but memories brighten and linger.

* * *

Probably the two best known people on our ship outward bound were Milton Berle and Mollie Goldberg. I saw them both every day and evening of the trip. Milton Berle was very much in evidence all around the ship. He thoroughly enjoyed himself and the people enjoyed him. He was the auctioneer at the Ship's Pool in the smoking room at night. At the late evening dancing parties he would sometimes go to the orchestra *mike* and entertain for a few minutes. His only formal appearance was at a ship's concert which he gave for only the crew in the crew's quarters. No passengers were present. My diningroom steward told me the next morning at breakfast that he was very gracious with his time and gave the crew the finest evening they have had.

It was all very intimate and informal. Berle was very friendly always and graciously passed out autographs as though he enjoyed every moment of it. No one on the ship seemed to be having a better time than Milton Berle.

* * *

I have always enjoyed the Goldberg's—both on radio and television. The lovable Molly, who is always trying to make things come out right, is a wholesome influence. The stories are sometimes quite far-stretched and the situations occasionally ridiculous and absurd, but the spirit of helpfulness and kindness is always there, and the programs are not saturated with sex and filth. She will not tolerate one salacious note. Quite a contrast to some of radio's comedians and some of the drivel in television. Mollie was with her husband, Mr. Lewis W. Berg, and she was down on the list as Mrs. Berg.

Sometimes when you meet an author, or an actor, or a minister for whom you have had great admiration and respect, you find on closer contact a great disappointment. Sometimes you are sorry you ever met them. Your idol turns out to be made of clay! Not so with Mollie Goldberg. She is one of the kindest, loveliest women I have ever met. She and Mr. Berg were going to Europe for a rest, and when they return to their program this fall I shall be deeply interested. There was nothing of the prima donna type about Mollie. She was humble, reserved and kindly. I sat with her several evenings at the ship's movie and she was always animated and interested in the picture. She discussed the situations freely and always with her own traditional attitude of helpfulness. Meeting Mollie Goldberg was one of the highlights of the trip for me.

* * *

Another Chicago family on the ship was Mr. and Mrs. Truman Gibson and their lovely daughter, who was making her first trip. Mr. Gibson is a writer and publicist and I have had several contacts with him in Chicago. We had many interesting chats about world problems and the Chicago scene.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Gault, an attorney from Flint, Michigan, introduced themselves to me one afternoon. They are friends of my sister. This was their first trip and I was interested in their reactions.

* * *

His Excellency, Ambassador Vladimir Popovic, the Yugoslavic Ambassador to the United States, was also a passenger. He is a Tito Communist, I was informed. He did not participate in any shipboard activity and I did not have an opportunity of meeting him. I never saw him about the ship and assume he remained in his room most of the time. I did see the room next to his, however, because I had his room booked for my return passage.

I went up to the sun-deck one afternoon and told the deck steward I had room 15 returning later in the summer. I asked him if I might see the room. *Oh no,* he replied, *the Ambassador is in, but I will show you the one next to it, which is identical.* That had to suffice and so I missed meeting His Excellency! I regretted this. There are a very great number of questions I should have liked to have asked him.

* * *

At Sea, July Fourth

You would never know it is America's greatest day—the Fourth of July—on this ship! All day as I walked, read and visited, I was thinking of my country and its people—north, east, south and west! I thought about the Fourths in my boyhood days and how we observed them in our little Mich-

igan village of Linden. I thought of the many, many Fourths I had spoken at the celebrations in Tower, Minnesota. Days of blessed memories when I, Mother and Jimmie, and all who were on the little Island would go to Tower early—watch the parade and then gather for the exercises. Afterwards there would be dinner and then the lovely sail home across Big Bay. We always took a watermelon home on the Fourth, and in the evening, sitting on the dock, we would eat melon, sing and talk about the day. Memories!

I thought about these happy days all day today. Here I am, alone on a great ship—one day away from England, and it's the Fourth of July! There was not a single indication on this ship that today was the anniversary of our independence. When I went in to dinner in the evening and was handed the menu, I noticed on the inside cover the names of all the Presidents of the United States. *Well, at last,* I thought, *there is some evidence of the day. I realize this is a British ship and I also recognize there isn't too much reason for Britain to pay attention to the Fourth of July. But I am sure that 80% of the passengers on this boat are American citizens. I never remember being at sea before on the Fourth, but if I ever am again, I am going to form a committee and have a recognition of the day in some kind of a service on board. I am sure had the Americans on board today taken such action it would have met with hearty approval of the Captain and we could have held a program. It is our own fault I am sure.*

I went to the stern of the ship tonight, and as I turned my face westward, I sent a prayer across the sea to my country that she will always remain *the land of the free and the home of the brave!* I hope I am never away from America again on the Fourth of July!

* * *

The *Queen Mary* goes right alongside the pier in Southampton. You go down the gangplank, through the customs and on to your London train in a space of a few hundred feet. I know of no facilities like them in any port in the world. The docks are new and last summer I sailed on the *Queen Elizabeth* the first time any ship had sailed from the new docks. It was all so simple and so easy. The immigration officers were kindly and the customs men co-operative. It was all over in a matter of minutes. I wish we had something like it at home.

Wait until you have disembarked at New York and gone through the long waiting, confusion and standing in line, then fight for a taxi, and try to make a train miles away and across New York's crowded streets. You'll see the difference.

Ten minutes after leaving the ship I was on the London train. In New York we docked at six o'clock in the morning. Passengers disembarked at eight, and you were lucky if you were off the pier by ten o'clock. When the thermometer is 98° that is quite an ordeal.

* * *

My first Sunday in London was a busy one for which I was grateful. For the third time I was invited to preach in the Highgate Christian Church, of which the Rev. George Grieve is the Minister. The congregation of our church will remember him for he spoke in our pulpit most acceptably on one of his American visits. Mr. Grieve was very kind to me in London. He arranged hotel accommodations, met me at the train, and extended every courtesy to me.

He is an Oxford graduate and spent

a year in post-graduate work in Harvard.

It was a great advantage for me to have him accompany me to Oxford on the Friday before I preached in Manchester College. He knows the city, its colleges, its customs and traditions as it is only possible for one who was an undergraduate and participant in Oxford life.

It was delightful for me to renew my friendships among the people of Highgate Church. The congregation was most attentive and appreciative. As it was Communion Sunday I adjusted my sermon to the Communion observance.

The church is located on Highgate Hill, which is associated with some interesting London history and personalities. The church interior is conducive to a worshipful attitude. The pulpit is in the center but elevated to quite a height, which I found a little disconcerting at first, but as the sermon progressed I quickly overcame this feeling. The people after the service were very kind and hospitable. I enjoyed the experience and hope to preach in Highgate again.

In the evening I preached in the Unitarian Church in Illford—which is a community within the London area, something like Rogers Park is to Chicago. This congregation of religious liberals is one of the most courageous I know. Their church was all but destroyed in the London blitz, but they held on and now they have a new, beautiful church recently dedicated. Part of the old church is blended into the new. It is a small Gothic building, but one of the most inspiring in which I have ever preached.

* * *

I notice a great change in the people of London this year over last year. The change is for the better. They are better dressed, the shops are filled with goods, there is plenty of fruit, although there is little meat. London is crowded with visitors and tourists from all over. The theatres are crowded, the restaurants are packed and the city seems to be busier than I have ever known it to be.

Perhaps we ought not to judge Britain by London, any more than America by New York! There is a great deal of rumbling underneath the surface. The Labor Government is being assailed from many quarters. All is not too well with Britain. There will be a coal and oil shortage this winter which, if it is quite severe, will create some serious repercussions.

* * *

I shall tell you about the Festival of Britain next month and also give some comments on my Irish experiences.

CHURCH NEWS

THE BUSINESS WOMEN

The opening meeting of the Professional and Business Woman's Club will inaugurate our Church events among the organizations of the Church for October. At the first meeting of the fall season Dr. Bradley is always the Guest Speaker. The meeting will be held on Tuesday evening, October 2nd, at 8 o'clock, in Anderson Hall.

At this opening meeting the public is invited, no admission is charged and refreshments are served.

Later in the month a business meeting for members only will be held of which proper announcement will be made on the church calendar.

The second event of the Business

Women for October will be their Bazaar Donation Night, to be held on Tuesday, October 30th, at 8 o'clock, in Anderson Hall.

Friends and members of the club are invited to bring their donations of gifts to be sold at the Bazaar Booth of the Business Women.

* * *

THE WOMAN'S CLUB

The Woman's Club is the oldest women's organization in the church and is a daytime club for women. Edith L. Anderberg is Chairman and Mary J. Hughes Co-Chairman of a Rummage Sale to be held on Wednesday evening, October 3rd and on Thursday, October 4th from 9:00 in the morning until 3:30 in the afternoon. The sale will be held at 2825 Lincoln Avenue.

Those having donations of clothing and other articles for sale will please contact Mrs. Anderberg at SUnnyside 4-9146 or Mrs. Hughes at GRaceland 2-9406.

Youth Conservation Day will be under the Chairmanship of Mrs. C. R. Swanson. Dr. Emery W. Balduf, Prof. of Philosophy at Roosevelt College, will be Guest Speaker. The date is Monday, October 8th, at 1 o'clock in Anderson Hall.

On Monday, October 22nd, Music and Art Day, Mrs. Harry Stone, Program Chairman, will present Lois John, soprano, and Roy Kanold, baritone, in "Notes From Our Musical Scrapbook," in costume. This will include songs from popular musical shows.

Mrs. James Coughlin, of 5641 Magnolia Ave., is Chairman of the Philanthropic Department, which is presenting Cornelia Otis Skinner in an evening's program in the Church on Wednesday, October 24th, at 8:15 o'clock.

All the proceeds from the program will be used for the Club's charities, which include Cancer and Tuberculosis Funds, Park Ridge Home for Girls and the Polio and other well-known charity funds.

Every member of the church it is hoped will assist in selling tickets for this outstanding event which the Woman's Club is offering.

* * *

THE MEN'S CLUB

Do not overlook the date of Monday evening, October 22nd, at 8 o'clock at the Men's Club, in Anderson Hall. Though we do not have the information on the program as this number goes to press, the Men's Club always have an outstanding program and present a worthwhile evening of entertainment and sociability. The Church Calendar will keep everyone informed.

* * *

THE CHURCH SCHOOL

A big night under the auspices of the Sunday School will be the Annual Family Dinner on Friday, October 26th. Dr. Bradley will be Guest of Honor. Neal Hunter will be Master of Ceremonies. Top entertainment is promised and a delicious turkey dinner.

This Family get-together is always outstanding and is an excellent opportunity to become acquainted with the work of the Church School. The whole family should sit down together in Anderson Hall at 6:30.

Fun for the children will be at its highest on Hallowe'en, Wednesday, October 31st, in Anderson Hall, at 7:30. Games and entertainment are being planned by the Channing Club, with Paul Peters as Chairman.

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday School—Mr. Robert Crosswhite, Superintendent..... 9:30 a.m.

Friday, October 26th, Church School "Annual Family Dinner." Dr. Preston Bradley, Guest of Honor. Neal Hunter, Master of Ceremonies. Top entertainment and a Turkey Dinner.

Wednesday, October 31st, Church School "Hallowe'en Party." Games and entertainment by the Channing Club. Paul Peters, Chairman.

Sunday Morning Service—Broadcast WJJD.....11:00 a.m.

Sunday Evening Service—Opening Night, November 4th..... 7:30 p.m.

Wednesday Evening Book Lectures by Dr. Bradley—

Opening November 7th..... 8:00 p.m

Woman's Club—Wednesday evening, Oct. 3rd, and Thursday, Oct. 4th, from 9:00 a.m. to 3:30 p.m., the Woman's Club will hold a Rummage Sale at 2825 Lincoln Ave. Edith L. Anderberg, Chrmn., SUnnyside 4-9146; Mary J. Hughes, Co-Chairman, GRaceland 2-9406.

Monday, October 8th, first regular meeting of the Woman's Club (following the Opening Luncheon held Sept. 26th) in Anderson Hall. Youth Conservation Day, Mrs. C. R. Swanson, Chairman. Guest speaker, Dr. Emery W. Balduf, Professor of Philosophy at Roosevelt College, who will speak on Youth Conservation ..... 1:00 p.m.

Monday, October 22nd, in Anderson Hall. Music and Art Day. Lois John, soprano and Roy Kanold, baritone, will present "Notes From Our Musical Scrapbook." The program will be presented in costume and will include songs from various popular musical shows..... 1:00 p.m.

Wednesday evening, October 24th, the Philanthropy Department of The Woman's Club will present Cornelia Otis Skinner in the Church Auditorium. Mrs. James Coughlin, Chairman, 5641 Magnolia Ave., is in charge of the ticket sales ..... 8:15 p.m.

Professional and Business Woman's Club—Tuesday evening. October 2nd, the Professional and Business Woman's Club will hold their opening meeting in Anderson Hall. Dr. Bradley will be Guest Speaker. Subject to be announced in the Church Calendar. The public is invited. No admission charge..... 8:00 p.m.

Tuesday evening, October 30th, Bazaar Donation Evening. Anderson Hall. Friends and members of the club are invited to bring their donations to the Business Woman's Booth of the Peoples Church Bazaar..... 8:00 p.m.

Men's Club—Monday evening, October 22nd, in Anderson Hall. Watch Church Calendar for announcement of the program..... 8:00 p.m.

The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Director.....In Memoriam

Channing Club (young people of High School age)

1st and 3rd Fridays of each month, Bradley Hall..... 8:00 p.m.

Choir Rehearsals—Every Thursday night in the Church Auditorium.... 8:00 p.m.

Usher's Club—1st Tuesday of each month in Anderson Hall..... 8:00 p.m.

Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday night, Anderson Hall..... 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 301, every Thursday afternoon..... 3:30 p.m.

Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Monday afternoon..... 3:30 p.m.

Senior Scout Troop No. 224, every Thursday night, Bradley Hall..... 7:30 p.m.

Boy Scouts—Cub Pack No. 3864—4th Friday each month, Anderson Hall 7:30 p.m.

DR. BRADLEY'S RADIO SCHEDULE

WJJD—Every Sunday Morning the entire church service is broadcast from 11 to 12:30

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

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EDITORIAL

THERE are those persons who would have us believe that happiness can be found only by a return to the past; but that closes the door to whatever satisfaction the present has in store for us and we become soured and embittered. Others would have us believe that the good lies in the future and that enjoyment must be reserved for a future that never arrives.

The present now and always is of supreme importance for our happiness. The greatest service we can render the future is to bring to it a great past and that requires looking to the present and making it great.

Is that not the truth by which we live on our vacations? Then, if ever, we live in the present. Why not try it the year round? One can have the joy and the benefits of a vacation all the time and every day if one but learns a few simple rules.

It is not work which kills; it is boredom; and boredom often means filling our lives so that every moment is one of activity and restlessness. If each one of us could learn the value of a fifteen or twenty-minute period of complete rest sometime during the day; a change of tempo; we would then retain the benefit of our vacations much longer than we do.

The two weeks or more which people are privileged to use in breaking their usual day by day routine are in many particulars the most important weeks in the entire year; but it is easy when vacation is over to drop back into the old habits and the old methods and permit anxiety, care, money problems, work problems and a thousand other matters to undo all that our vacations have done for us. No one really appreciates the value they have received from a vacation until they get back into their workaday world. Then we realize what has happened. How pitiful if we do not make adjustments and develop a technique for living which will retain the benefits and enable us to do finer and better work.

Even amid the clamor of the city's streets we can find the peace of country lanes, but it will have to be found in our hearts.

Broadcasting Annual Bazaar of the Peoples Church of Chicago

Thursday and Friday Nov. 8 and 9

The Sunday School Children are helping. The Boy Scouts, the Girl Scouts, the Channing Club, all are planning their part in the big event.

The Woman's Club, the Professional and Business Woman's Club, The Men's Club, The Choir, the Usher's Club, all will have a Booth at this biggest event of the entire year.

What are YOUR plans for the Bazaar? What are YOU going to give or do to help it be the success it must be for the good of the work of the Peoples Church? See the President of any one of the Church organizations and offer your help!

THERE WILL BE BOOTHS CONTAINING EVERY VARIETY OF SALABLE ARTICLE

We are counting on YOU to supply the articles and then to come to the Bazaar and buy them back. You will find the things you need and will buy somewhere. Why not buy them at the Bazaar and help your Church carry its financial burden?

Tuesday evening, October 30th, the Professional and Business Woman's Club will hold its Bazaar Donation evening in Anderson Hall at 8 o'clock.

Early in November the Woman's Club will hold their Donation Tea. Watch the Church Calendar for these important dates.

GET YOUR DONATION IN EARLY. ANYTHING SALABLE IS GRATEFULLY RECEIVED.

Candy—Food—Appropriate Christmas gifts—Children's toys
Household Linens—Household appliances—Rugs—
Bedspreads—Afghans—Leather goods

Bazaar Committee

"Can Human Nature Be Changed?"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY OF THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

DR. ALEXANDER MONTGOMERY, who is Professor of Anthropology at Rutgers University, has written a very little book but a very good book, which he calls ON BEING HUMAN. I used the book, as some of you may recall, in my regular Wednesday evening lectureship in The People's Church and had an interesting and delightful time with it. It is a little book, one that will not take you long to read through. The uniqueness of the book and the main thesis which Dr. Montgomery treats in the book is a reversal of the commonly accepted opinion about human nature.

We have been taught and we have been trained to think that human nature is bad nature; that when we identify something as being human, we identify it with something being bad; that human nature is a wrong nature; that human nature is the kind of nature that always does the hurting thing; that always repeats the bad thing and that always utilizes its energy toward the fulfillment of something which is unworthy and not dignified; so that when someone makes a bad mistake, we rather pass the mistake off with a shrug of the shoulders, perhaps, and say *Well, he's just being human. It's human nature.* Until most people think of human nature as something which is identified with and all too frequently given as an excuse for being unworthy and less than our best.

Now there have been schools of thought down through the centuries which have tried to substantiate that interpretation of human nature. Theology has been guilty of it as well, for one of the basic theological theses of much of the accepted orthodox interpretation of religion has been that man was conceived in iniquity; that he was born in sin and that basically and fundamentally man by nature is a groping thing; that he is a worm in the dust; and that all of his natural equipment is vile; and that man is born into the world with that sort of an accumulation of iniquity.

There have been great liberated minds down through the ages who have taken definite issue with that concept, and some of the finest and the most spiritual interpretors of nature have refused to accept it. With the repudiation of that materialistic concept of man there had to be sooner or later developed an escape by which this so-called base nature could be changed and something would happen to it, so something we think of as bad in human nature should become some other kind of nature and man would find it possible to be good, to be kind, to be loving and tender and creative. I think probably one of the things that has interfered most with the conception of the dignity of man has been the theory of the vileness of man's origin. One of the causes probably that has contributed most to the disintegration of the human personality, so that the meanest of those personalities can express themselves in the futility of war, in the tragedy of poverty, in all of the other social diseases which have grown up within the structure of the body politic of the world has largely been man's loss of the exalted concept that he was created in the image of God.

I do not accept the philosophy of

some of our theologians of man's vileness, nor that human nature is necessarly bad nature. I accept thoroughly and completely the creative analysis found in the First Chapter of the Old Testament—God created man in His image. Now there are many, many, many sins and experiences that have taken place in human history that would justify our thinking of man as only an animal and an inferior animal at that. There are many experiences that would justify that concept. There is much action on the part of many people that if we thought it represented their true nature, we could have nothing but a devastating conception of them and of nature, if we were to accept what they do and what they are as the reality of human nature. There isn't any doubt about that. But when we think of human nature as something so closely aligned with the despicable and with the vile, I think we are contributing to a lower conception of human dignity and I accept the ideology that human dignity and the human personality is the highest expression of the world of nature. I think that man in the evolutionary process represents the highest expression of the whole evolving idea of creative intelligence. I think man is the center of the cosmos, just as I believe that the astronomer is more important and more mystifying than astronomy. Just as I believe the chemist as a personality is more mystifying and more important than chemistry. Just as I believe the engineer whose intellect might conceive the possibility of spanning a great body of water with mechanical and engineering ingenuity which would almost defy every known principle of gravitation and every law of the universe but for the fact that somewhere in the intelligence of that creative personality there was the conception and the possibility of its creation; and I believe that the ability to have that conception is vastly more significant than any bridge which the engineer might build over any water in the world!

In other words, without the intelligence of man and without this something called humanity and human nature, everything else has no significance whatever. There is no significance to beauty unless there is an eye to behold the beauty; and there is no significance whatever to the general abstract principle of love unless there is someone to love. This world generalized into abstracts does not make sense. It only has significance and it only has reality when we relate it to human experience. It is only when the mind and the heart and the soul of man enters into the equation that there is any rationalism to the cosmos at all and any theory of creation which says that a great, divine, intelligent God somewhere would start the universe into process and into movement and then merely retire to enjoy Himself is absurd! Just as I also think the theory is absurd that just because man always has fought, therefore he always will fight.

That is the basic philosophy which is driving the world into ineffectiveness and into a sense of frustration; that there isn't one single thing anybody can do about anything—there have always been wars and fighting—there will always be war. Ladies and Gentlemen, if I believed that, I would never enter this pulpit again. I should want to die, but I wouldn't want to die without first cursing God—the kind of a God who would endow man with such intelligence, with his creative critical faculties, his appreciation of beauty and love, the privilege of knowing the beauty of life, and at the same time make him so inadequate and in-

human that this would be the best man could ever do with his own potentialities; and all the music and art and literature and beauty and dreams and love that man has known meant nothing; if all we can do is take our 18-year-old boys out of school and put them into a war; if all we can do is throw the world into economic bankruptcy through infantile diplomacy; if that is the best we can do, we're trapped!

What kind of philosophy is that? One of the most important facts about human nature is that that which we designate as human nature may be a changed nature, and if you call that human nature, I say to you it is a nature which can be changed! I have seen too many people come out of the gutter with their eyes reddened by the tears of remorse and their jaws gripped by the passions of error, and then I have seen that human nature touched by the presence of the nature of God which it automatically shares, and I have seen that human nature transformed until it glowed and the face literally shown with the brillancy and beauty of love! And you tell me human nature can't be changed, that you can't do anything about it, that there is no hope; that war and poverty and disease are the best that man can do. And I repudiate it with every ounce of my being and with what little intellectual capacity I possess, as false—as untrue; and if I could get a new birth of the concept of the dignity of the human personality working in the world, it would transform the world's diplomacy in six months! It would transform the leadership of the world in an amazingly short time. A new concept of the dignity and worth of the human personality!

What is the cheapest thing in the world today? I know—human life. What is the cheapest thing in China—a human life. A human life is the cheapest thing in the world today, so why not take thousands and millions of the people in the countries of the world and throw them into this inferno, the hell of war? They're cheap! Human life is cheap! They are talkinng about human lives in large numbers—a million here, five million there, and ten million—cheap, CHEAP HUMAN LIFE! A human life is vastly cheaper than an atom bomb! A human life is vastly cheaper than a piece of machinery! A human life is vastly cheaper than almost anything you know! But I happen to think a human life is the most *valuable* thing in the world! I don't think it is the cheapest. I think it is the most valuable, and I think it is the most valuable because it has the nature and the equipment to reach back into the beauty of its own origin, and to make the outgrowth of its own nature something for good; whereby man can use that same warlike principle in a fight against evil. We have an example in General Booth, of the Salvation Army, one of the bravest warriors we have ever known, and the significant thing about General Booth was the motivation of his fighting spirit. He used his ingenuity to change human nature. That is the difference in the motivation of what to do with man's warlike nature. There is nothing wrong with spirit. I like spirited men, brave men, highly objective men. There is nothing wrong with that. It is a question of motivation.

Sometimes I get almost speechless —sometimes it takes my breath away as I think of what would happen if a man like Stalin had as a motivation the great desire to create economic order based on the dignity of man—what would happen if these two great nations, Russia and the United States, the only two great world powers left

on this globe—if instead of grabbing at each other's throats and trying to win a race of re-armament—what would happen in the world if they would enter into a competition, a real competition to see which nation could put an end soonest to the anxiety, the heartache, the sorrow, the conflagration of war! If Russia would say *We are ready to create economic order based on the dignity of man, and we are ready to enter into a race with you Americans to see who will be the first to overcome and rid the world of hunger and poverty and disease and see who will be the first to win that war! We will enter with you into a conflict to find which of us can win the affection of the world!*

There would be a war! That would be a war worth fighting! That would be what I mean when I say that you can change and we will change human nature!

DR. BRADLEY'S SUMMER ENGAGEMENTS

SEPTEMBER

Sunday, September 2nd
Sermon—First Methodist Church, Hibbing, Minnesota
Thursday, September 6th
Address—Rotary Club, Hibbing, Minnesota
Address—Men's Brotherhood, Hibbing, Minnesota
Sunday, September 9th
Sermon—St. Andrew's Church, Ft. William, Canada
Thursday, September 13th
Address—Rotary Club, Duluth, Minnesota
Sunday, September 16th
Opening Service, 40th Year—The People's Church, Chicago

* * *

DR. BRADLEY'S WEDNESDAY EVENING BOOK LECTURES

Dr. Bradley will open his 19th Season of regular Wednesday Evening Book Lectures on Wednesday night, November 7th, at 8 o'clock sharp.

NOVEMBER BOOK LECTURES

November 7—"The Anatomy of Happiness," Martin Gumpert, M. D.
November 14—"Light From Many Lamps," selected by Lillian Eichler Watson
November 21—"April Snow," Lillian Budd
November 28—"Thirty Years With G. B. S.," Blanche Patch

BOOK CHATS

Light From Many Lamps was a title that instantly caught my attention when the book came to my desk a few days ago. Simon and Schuster published it about the middle of September. They list it as a Treasury of Inspiration, selected from the wisdom of the ages and presented in a fascinating new way.

Lillian Eichler Watson has made the selections for the book. She has written an introduction and a commentary at the beginning of each of the ten parts.

Preceding the table of contents are a couple of pages of quotations which give a reason for finding the book valuable. For instance, there is one by David Grayson:

Most of us have collections of sayings we live by . . . Whenever words fly up at me from the printed page as I read, I intercept them instantly, knowing they are for me. I turn them over carefully in my mind and cling to them hard.

From the Talmud is this quote: *Who is a wise man? He who learns of all men.*

And Lord Byron tells us: *Words are things, and a small drop of ink, falling like dew upon a thought, produces that which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think.*

Part One is titled *Happiness and The Enjoyment of Living.* There are six sections under this heading, and the sections are entitled *John Burroughs, Seneca, W. Beran Wolfe, William S. Ogdon, William Lyon Phelps* and *Frederic Loomis.* There are selections from essays, or from columns, or from some writings of these men, with commentaries on them by the editor. Then there may be a page or two of short and pithy quotations from several writers, from the ancient to the modern.

Part Two has to do with *Faith and Inner Calm,* with quotations from *Byrd, Lyte, Newman, Adams, Farrow, Tennyson, Browning, Rickenbacker* and *Lincoln.*

The other parts of the book are concerned with *Courage and The Conquest of Fear; Confidence and Achievement; Self-Discipline and The Development of Character; Personality and Relationship to Others; Peace of Heart and Mind; Love and Family Life; Contentment in Later Years and Hope for the Future.* As we read these headings of the parts of the book under which are assembled the best thinking of the ages, it is quite evident that the whole of life has been covered.

To my mind a book of this character is priceless. The editor, Lillian Eichler Watson has had many years of experience in helping people help themselves and is a well-known writer. She is the author of the fabulous best seller, the original *Book of Etiquette,* and of *Customs of Mankind, Well-Bred English* and many other inspirational and self-improvement books. She is one of the most widely read authorities on social usage in the world.

Light From Many Lamps, the book under consideration, is the culmination of a lifetime's ambition and represents years of research and preparation. It is no hodgepodge of unrelated selections, nor an ordinary anthology. There is definite purpose behind every quota-

tion, no matter how brief, and all are integrated into a carefully planned guide to happier and more confident living.

Not only has the editor winnowed out the best of the world's most inspiring thoughts and ideas, but she has unearthed the stories behind them and what their impact has been on others. In addition to inspired reading we have a collection of brief biographies as well.

The publishers truly state that it is a book of infinite richness and abiding values—a book to keep at the bedside or on the living-room table, to dip into as needed, to browse in now and then, to enjoy in small, stimulating portions. It is a book for the hour, say they; and for the years; a book to turn to over and over again, as to a friend; a book of moral, spiritual and ethical guidance —an unfailing source of comfort and inspiration for every member of the family.

In these days of small apartments, with little space for rows and rows of books, these books containing carefully planned selections of the best of literature are an ideal answer to today's problems of crowded living quarters. This book, *Lights From Many Lamps,* will certainly make a valued gift to a friend, and be a prized possession to the owner.

Just as a sample of the general outline and format, I opened the book on page 138 (it is a book of 324 pages), to the second section of Part Four, on Confidence and Achievement. Section two is devoted to Joaquin Miller, who read the words which, day after day, Columbus had written in the log of his first voyage across the uncharted Atlantic, *This day we sailed on.* Says the editor of Joaquin Miller:

"The poet got up and strode about the room, his eyes shining, his imagination on fire. *This day we sailed on.* Storms had ravaged the ships; the *Pinta* had lost her rudder; the men were threatening mutiny. Conditions couldn't have been any worse, and Columbus himself must have been on the verge of despair. But he had set his course, and nothing could turn him from it. Through danger, darkness, hunger, panic, exhaustion, *they sailed on.*

"What a magnificent epic of perseverance! The words made a litany in the poet's mind. *Sail on! sail on!* The roar of the sea was in his ears, the sting of the spray on his cheeks. He stood beside Columbus and peered with him into the darkness, feeling his strength, feeling his steadfast purpose. . . .

"And Joaquin Miller wrote like a man possessed. The poem *had* to be written; no words ever came more spontaneously from a man's heart. An inspired tribute to the great navigator who refused to turn from his course, who firmly sailed on in the direction he knew to be right, the poet called it simply *Columbus:*

The whole of the poem is then given, but to refresh the minds of our readers, here are the first and last verses:

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
Behind the gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores;
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "How must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave Adm'r'l, speak; what shall I say?"
"Why, say: 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

Then, pale and worn, he paced his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
A light! A light! At last a light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: "On! sail on!"

There follow a couple of paragraphs of brief biography of Joaquin Miller,

then some half dozen very brief quotations from the Bible, John Quincy Adams, Jean de la Bruyère, Samuel Johnson, Henry David Thoreau and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Perhaps you are as curious as was I as to the quotation from the Bible. It is from Philippians 3:13, 14: *This one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind . . . I press toward the mark . . .*

* * *

If you just want to have a lot of fun, read *Enter Mrs. Belchamber,* by Elizabeth Cadell, published by William Morrow & Co. A condensed version appeared in the *Ladies' Home Journel* under the title, *The Spell.*

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

EVEN a sign may be pleasant or unpleasant. This spring, as I left my home to go to work one morning, a sign in my next-door neighbor's yard struck me in the face, figuratively speaking.

The grass-plot was very small, the sign very large comparatively. It was on a rough, crude piece of unpainted wood, about nine inches square, stuck in the ground by means of two narrow unpainted sticks. The lettering was rough looking, too; done in black paint, with the edges of the letters blurring into the wood in places. Strange to say, the sign made me think of a dog I had once seen, and only once, and I hadn't thought of him since, but as that ugly, unkempt, raw sign glared across the little grass-plot at me, a vivid picture of that ugly black dog I had seen somewhere came to my mind. The dog had been wild and fierce looking, with long, black, scraggly hair, shiny, beadlike black eyes piercing through the long wisps of black hair which dangled in front of them and he looked to me like something I wouldn't want to tangle with. The sign was like that. It had just two words painted on it, one above the other, with no space around the letters —completely filling up the piece of rough wood; the two words were "KEEP OUT!"

Had I been inclined to be vindictive, the moment I saw that sign I would have jumped over the low wire at the edge of the plot and planted my heel down and screwed it down into the grassplot, leaving a deep hole, just to spite the individual who glared at me through that black, ugly sign.

Turning the corner a block away from my place of employment I came upon the most beautiful clipped lawn, extending on both sides of the sidewalk. In the center of the largest plot, between the sidewalk and the building, was a dainty little sign, about two inches tall and perhaps 10 inches in width, right down above the clipped grass. It was neat and contained just one word in neat metal lettering. The sign just said "PLEASE." A little meek sign, above the meek, but beauti-

ful, grass. I just couldn't have stepped on that pretty lawn, facing that little word "Please."

"The meek shall inherit the earth," thought I. Meek little grass that we tread upon, yet it grows between the cracks of a sidewalk, or anywhere it can get a hold upon mother earth, and gradually but steadily it covers the earth. And meek little sign which just says "Please," but makes me want to be careful of the beautiful green grass.

No wonder the first man's grassplot is small and ugly. Maybe his life is like that too, with his tyrannical "Keep Out," instead of a gentle "please."

Yes, there are other ways to smile than with the face. There's the smiling voice with the lilt in it, like the notes of a robin on a spring morning; there's the kindly attitude in the gentle way of living; and there's that other smile that the sign "Please" gives us, in contrast to the harsh "Keep out!" Even a sign may give out a smile!

* * *

A story about a carpet sweeper may not seem appropriate to a church Mail Bag, but that is a story I'm about to tell. It might be called "Things go around in circles." I believe Lou Hangel made some such remark as he and Mrs. Hangel were telling the story to me. For this is an incident that actually happened this summer.

As Mr. and Mrs. Hangel sat visiting with us in our little cottage living room one Sunday in August, over near Coloma, Michigan, we somehow got around to the story of the little carpet sweeper.

The Hangels told of visiting a beautiful home the week before. The acquaintance with the owners of the beautiful home had been made by Mrs. Hangel way back in the gas-shortage days six or seven years ago. Mrs. Hangel was standing at the corner of State and Madison Street waiting for a bus. A beautiful auto came to a stop in front of her; a pleasant looking woman opened the door and asked "Are you going North?" Mrs. Hangel said she was, and the woman said, "I'd be happy to have you ride along with me." People had been asked to be generous with their cars because of the gas shortage.

"From that time until now," said Mimi Hangel, "we have been telephone friends and correspondence friends. Finally, this spring, this lady said to me, 'See here, we have been talking to each other over the telephone and writing letters to each other, and I think it's about time we visited each other. I won't take no for an answer. We have a little summer place out at Fox Lake and I want you and Mr. Hangel to drive up to see us soon.' "

Mimi promised and the Hangels drove out to Fox Lake and to the home. Mimi rang the doorbell of the very beautiful home and when the lady of the house opened the door, Mimi said, "I don't suppose you remember me." "Oh, yes," said her friend, "come right in. I'm so glad to see you." Another visitor was present, but soon she left the room. The hostess then said to Mimi: "Forgive me, I don't remember you, but I didn't want my friend to know it. Tell me, who are you?"

Mimi explained, was graciously received, and then Mr. Hangel was invited in and was introduced to the husband of the hostess. This summer home was rather new and soon the host was proudly showing Lou Hangel all the special advantages of the new home he had built. At the same time the women discussed their side of the home question, and suddenly the hostess (I shall call her Mrs. Smith for I don't recall the name), opened a small closet door

and said to Mimi, "I must show you my toy carpet sweeper, as I call it."

Mimi then told us all about the wonderful little Electro Sweeper this lady had, with its whisking action instead of going around and around as most sweepers do.

Now I'm not trying to sell the readers of the Mail Bag an Electro Sweeper, though they are very economical and as Mimi told about it in glowing terms, she made it sound like a wonderful buy. But here is the crux of the story, as Lou broke in then and told it. That little electro sweeper "rang a bell" somehow with Lou. First of all he thought Mimi should have one. Then he thought he remembered that way back years ago he had done some initial advertising on such a product, so he looked for the name and when he was back in Chicago called the manufacturer up, and sure enough! It was Lou's old friend with whom he had done business years before and who was about to march into Chicago with his new product. That is when Lou mentioned about things going around in circles. We never know what a friendly gesture may lead to.

It reminds me of a friend I made while out walking with Dr. Bradley's dog one morning. The friendship progressed and continued and then one summer a year or so ago I received a very lovely invitation to spend a summer week up near Sturgeon Bay, Wisconsin. All from a casual, friendly greeting. So often a casual, friendly greeting leads to pleasant associations later on.

* * *

And now for the heart of the Mail Bag:

Here is a letter of congratulation to Dr. Bradley from a truly courageous soul. Mrs. Lubeke heeded the advice so often given to one who has been in an accident: "Go right out on the road again to regain your confidence and courage." Dr. Bradley was very grateful for her letter. We send our good wishes and good luck to Mrs. Lubeke, whose letter follows:

My dear Dr. Bradley:

From my paradise, The Pine Cedars at Central Lake, Michigan, I am sending you my best congratulations for your birthday, and wishing you good health and hoping that dear, loyal friends are with you on that day.

I also want to extend to you my deepest sympathy upon the loss of your fine son, James, who was beloved by all who knew him. He will be greatly missed. It was such a shock to me and I was terribly upset when I heard of his passing, for I don't know of another young man as fine as he was. Always so pleasant, kind and respectful to older people, which is so rare in this age. I shall miss him in church very much; am hoping to attend services late in the fall, perhaps even December, if weather permits, on my way from this paradise here, to Pasadena.

I, too, have had a terrible year. You may have heard how a careless man drove out of his lane a year ago, on July 7th, into ours, driving 60 miles an hour, causing a head-on collision, and I went through the windshield and was almost killed. He did not get a scratch. I was in the hospital in Carthage, Missouri, and was shipped back to Pasadena, and I have suffered a whole year, not only physically but mentally, too.

Only my faith in God and will-power pulled me through. I thank God that I can again drive my car, although my right arm was broken at the wrist in two places and my head was all cut up.

You are such a model of inspiration, courage and strength of mind to us

all, and I know you will carry your load, and we all need you as much as ever.

I only wish I could attend our church every Sunday, like I did when I lived in Chicago. I regret very much that I cannot hear you out here on the radio, but I do keep in touch, and appreciate The Liberalist, which I enjoy so very much.

Hoping all is well with you, and with best wishes,

Sincerely,

Frances G. Lubeke.

* * *

Dr. Bradley greatly appreciated the following sweet note from a long-time member of the church who always writes beautiful and understanding letters and sends in many a little poem as well. She had visited the church office during the summer and was happy to know that Dr. Bradley had returned from Europe and was at his island home:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I slipped over to the church a few minutes this morning and learned you were not so far away from home. A thrill just went pulsating through my veins, for I knew the sermons and lectures at church and *goings-on* of the church organizations were very near, too. And you are out there at that lovely spot *planting seeds in your garden of sermons for the long winter* months ahead.

It hardly seems true that all of these weeks have passed since you slipped away across the sea—to give something beautiful to those over there—and to bring back your basket of gems for us.

Personally I feel as though I had been curled up in a shell just waiting for this very time to open.

You will have ideal weather now for a short month, to dangle your line in the stream and catch a fish or two.

Husband and I used to go up in Spearfish Canyon, in South Dakota, and tease those smart little mountain trout. Oh! they are wise, and even look smart, playing with the bait and hook. We cooked them out in the open campfire. Dreams of another day—of the long ago!

Welcome back again, Doctor. We are all waiting for you.

We missed you so much.

Florence F. Cool.

Mrs. Cool included the following poem with her letter; with this explanation:

Here is a tiny poem I wrote while you were away. I went out on the old porch, off of Dr. Wexler's kitchen (connected with his office rooms at 5732 N. Milwaukee), where I waited for him to call me, when my turn came. There was the loveliest sunset, as I sat in the old rocking chair I found out there, as I watched the world *go to sleep:*

THE SUNSET AND THE OLD ROCKING CHAIR

That was the loveliest sunset
As it dropped beyond the blue,
Leaving a crimson blanket
In the sky for me and you.

The trees were softly whispering
"Good night" to bird and man,
For each one has his place to fill
In God's great glorious plan.

While a little old lady
Sat—rocking there—
Just rocking—and thinking,
In that old rocking chair.

Florence Cool.

* * *

Alice Peterson wrote early in June, and though it is late to publish her letter, she, too, sent a lovely poem which I thought our readers would like.

Dear Doctor Bradley:

We were all so terribly shocked to

learn of Jimmy leaving us. We know how very deeply you cared for him and how you will miss him, as we all will. However, we who have life upon this earth for so short a span must not grieve too deeply when one or another among us drops by the wayside to return to Mother Earth from whence we came. Rather should there be happiness and deep soul-stirring satisfaction in the knowledge that the soul and spirit lives on. Not only in that beautiful realm of God, of which we know so little, but here on earth. For no one can doubt that the sweetness and goodness and gentleness which was Jimmy will continue to live and permeate and make fragrant all the places which were his earthly haunts. He brought something fine into the world and it must remain, even though he has departed.

Alice L. Peterson.

The following poem was included in the letter:

I think God is proud of those who bear
A sorrow bravely. Proud indeed of them
Who walk straight through the dark to find Him there;
And kneel in faith to touch His garment's hem.
Oh, proud of them who lift their heads to
Shake the tears away from eyes that have grown dim;
Who tighten quivering lips, and turn to
Take the only road they find that leads to Him.

How proud He must be of them! He who knows
All sorrow, and how hard grief is to bear.
I think He sees them coming, and He goes
With outstretched arms and hands to meet them there;
And with a look—a touch on hand or head
Each finds his hurt strangely comforted.

Alice L. Peterson

* * *

Keep in touch with Dr. Bradley and KEEP—ON—THE—BEAM!

DR. BRADLEY INVITES YOU TO CARRY OUT THE FOLLOWING MEMBERS' PROGRAM

1. Attend service regularly. Acquire the habit.
2. Unite with some organization in the Church.
3. Greet some stranger at the services.
4. Maintain perfect silence on entering the auditorium.
5. Enroll your children in the Church School.
6. Invite all house guests to the services.
7. Subscribe to The Liberalist—mailed to any address, one year for $2. Each number contains a sermon, an editorial, a book chat, a mail bag and a very personal, special article by Dr. Bradley, entitled "Along the Way," being an intimate chat about his day to day experiences.
8. Become a weekly contributor. Envelopes mailed from the Church Office.

* * *

From the earliest times man has reached forward toward some greater good and a better life. Religion is the untiring quest for that better life—the unfolding of man's highest possibilities. May we all go forward in that quest together.

I ask every member, every friend, radio-listener and reader to adopt the above program as your program for this 40th year of The Peoples Church.

Preston Bradley

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